Dossance

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Judge

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JOHN THE POSTMAN RUNS THE GAUNTLET OF MUD.

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IT IS THOUGHT by some that the Israelites were to the manna born.

* * *

MR. CLEVELAND, so far from wanting to go to Europe, thinks he has come to the end of his Europe.

* * *

GENERAL OPINION—It is a great cabinet, but it would have been very much improved if I had been in it myself.

* * *

THE RE-ELECTION of Ingalls as president of the senate continues the proper man in the appropriate locality.

* * *

WOULD IT not be well to fit up Ben Butler as a battleship and send him to Samoa to shoot himself off?

* * *

SOMEBODY accused Anthony Comstock recently of telling lies. Well, he doesn't utter the naked article anyhow.

* * *

THE PRESIDENT has a kind of hand-shake that doesn't wear out his arm. The man who invents an automatic hand for the president will find himself forever blessed.

* * *

A SOUTHERN ORATOR recently repeated the old assertion that one southron was good for five Yankees. It may be—it may be. Let the struggle be made with the blue-grass article, and no shooting at a competitor's eyes with the corks.

ADDRESS TO THE A. C.

Ceiling, ceiling, 'way up thar,
How I wonder what you are!
But I know you come as high
As the diamonds in the sky.

BIZZY IS NOT DIZZY.

THERE HAS been a good deal of excitement over affairs in Samoa, and it is possible there will be more. The president has, however, expressed himself fully regarding such matters, and Mr. Blaine, though not anxious to do it, will know exactly what to do in case of an emergency. But Bismarck, though a pretty old man, is not out of his head, and will draw the line on the safe side of the sign of danger.

EXTREMELY FICKLE.

MISS DAISY—"I'm struck with that little quotation—'A rose between two thorns,' you know."

CHARLIE HINKLE (*of Cincinnati*)—"Isn't it rather cold for roses?"

MISS DAISY—"Just a little, but it's going to be much chillier for thorns. I see my old friend, Warren Manning, coming down the bank, and I promised him a whole half-hour."

THE NEW SOUTH?

SOME SOUTHERN and other papers object to the JUDGE'S cartoon mildly protesting against such southern crimes as that of the murder of Colonel Clayton, and they say there are crimes in the north too. Indeed that is so, and the point is well taken. But two or more crimes do not make one right, and one crime is no excuse for another. The northern press is just as bitter against crime in one section as another, and if there are crimes characteristic of a section or a bailiwick it does its utmost to ferret them out and bring their perpetrators to justice. The south is not to blame for being sensitive; but it has no reason to believe that criticism of its crimes and weaknesses is not honestly meant, any more than it has reason to suspect the motives of northern men who go south with their capital to develop southern resources, and, of course, to fill their own as well as southern pockets. The JUDGE has only good feeling for the south. It proposes, with the president, to know intimately no point of the compass at the expense of another, and it will be perfectly fair to all. But where is the man who did that assassination?

OFFICE-SEEKING—THE POSTAL SERVICE.

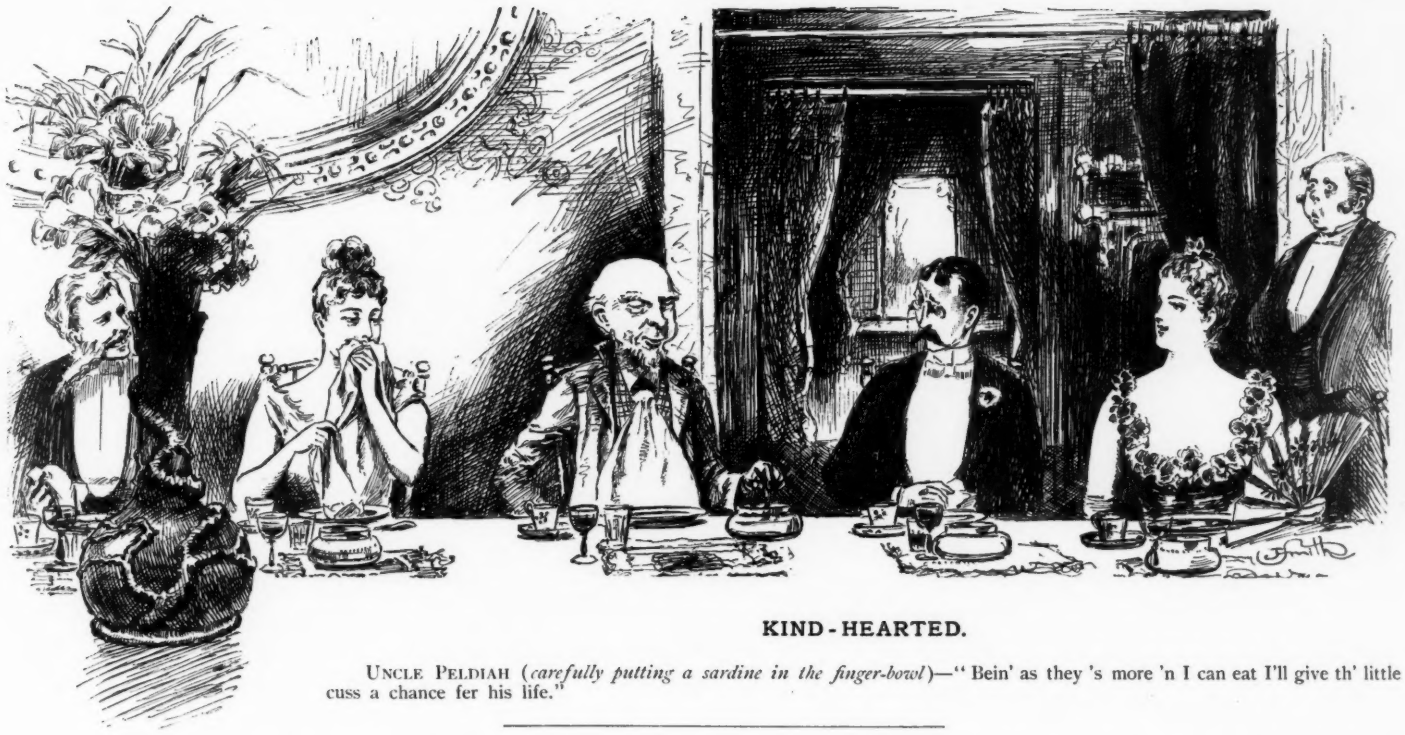
WHEN Mr. George William Curtis, just previous to the transfer of his allegiance to the Democratic party, described it as "very hungry and very thirsty," it was an unconscious characterization of a mania, irrespective of party, of all office-seekers.

The mob solicitous of place that now crowd Washington expect a political miracle—that the few loaves and fishes should be made to feed a multitude. After twenty-five years of abstention, it was not surprising that the starved Democratic exiles should clamor with prolonged hunger for official bread. The impetuous urgency of the Republicans, who have in the brief Lent of their dispossession hardly digested their long and liberal meal, is more than humiliating—it is disgraceful. The men who were removed for political reasons are struggling for their old friction-polished seats. A new crowd, thinking the old incumbents have had their share, are also snatching for the same places. Public office is not to be degraded to a public plunder. Heads of government departments are humiliated into servitors of a lunch-counter for the clamorous expectants of a meal in consideration of the nickel of political service. Practical men have little faith in civil service as a petrifaction. Yet it is conceded that rapid rotation in any line of duty is perpetual apprenticeship and resultant crudity of work. The promotion to the postal service of recruits from the plow may be political appreciation, but is little likely to advance a purely business service. This department at least, one of the most important, could well be alienated from political reward and be placed on the same plane as military service, promotion following experience. Because Jones or Brown has worked a caucus in favor of a congressional nomination, is he properly qualified for a railroad distributor of the mail? A thorough and necessary geographical knowledge can only be attained by experience and drill, and no self-complacent claim of inspiration will take its place. There are numberless positions where ordinary capacity can well serve without retarding or embarrassing the business of the public. Neither opposition to nor sympathy with the policy of an administration has any bearing on the purely intelligent, yet mechanical, service of the mails. The postmaster, however, outside of the great towns is a political ganglion, who helps or hinders through his distribution of party force, and should properly be changed.

In the evolution of politics it is not too much to expect that a dividing line can be drawn between a service like that of a soldier and that which requires sympathy with the policy of the party in power. Some such attainable plan will avoid the superciliousness and senility of the life-long civil-service system of England and Canada, even if it does not fully satisfy that vast multitude "who neither toil nor spin," but believe as a chosen people they should receive the honor and manna as they fall from the political heaven.

The false cry of the Democratic commune, "Turn the rascals out," is not to be imitated by a party of self-respect. Neither can this government afford to imitate the parental policy of France or the official favoritism of Germany. It follows, nevertheless, that too great eagerness for office is unsavory to the non-solicitous public, and it may overwhelm the party that exhibits it, not only with disgust, but defeat.

J. A.



KIND-HEARTED.

UNCLE PELDIAH (*carefully putting a sardine in the finger-bowl*)—"Bein' as they 's more 'n I can eat I'll give th' little cuss a chance fer his life."

IRELAND'S BEST FRIEND.

THE OLDER Mr. Gladstone is the younger he grows. At eighty years he is as buoyant and hopeful as a boy; and certainly English sentiment, stimulated to genuine thought by the *Times* case against Parnell, favors justice for Ireland more and more. Will Mr. Gladstone go again to the head of the government? When Englishmen come to see what is fair play they are in most cases going to establish it regardless of the cost to themselves.

WHAT'S BECOME OF JUSTICE?

THE BOODLE TRIALS have cost the taxpayers half as much as was given away by the boodle aldermen, and the expense still goes on, with no great satisfactory result, and small promise of justice at the end of them. Is the attempted remedy any better than the original disease? The law is not a humbug, and judges are generally both honest and able, whatever may be said of juries; but what an expensive luxury the law is, and how many very wealthy lawyers and very poor taxpayers there are!

THE MISSING TIP-LINK.

MCGAGAN—"Sure Oi'm goin' yure way, Mrs. Conley. Shtep up behind wid yure bundle."

THE CENTENNIAL.

HISTORY WILL repeat itself with President Harrison going through parts of New Jersey somewhat as Washington did, and speaking from old St. Paul's, which heard the voice of our George a hundred years ago. But history has a habit of that kind; and the most effective repeating was that of the 6th of last November, which drove the English out of our politics and put up protective barriers which will keep them out for many years to come.

CANADA must cease to be safe ground for United States scoundrels, and the United States must cease to be safe ground for Canadian rascals. That is the voice of the decent people of both countries.

* * *

MILAN OF SERVIA took with him to his selected privacy nothing but his worthless life, and he would have done better to remain king and have somebody remove it from him. Carrying around such a life as that is a grave and disagreeable responsibility.

* * *

THE QUESTION as to who will lead the Democratic party will be more appropriate when it is definitely known that there is a Democratic party.

* * *

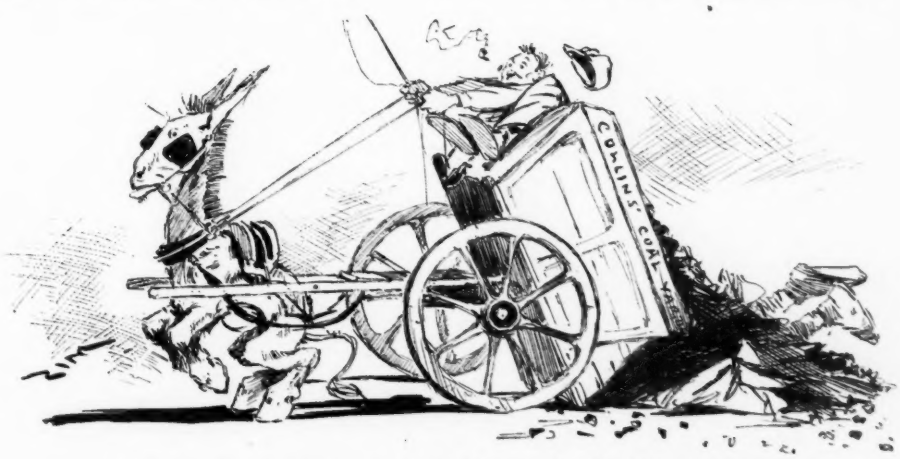
IF THE MAN who hasn't been mentioned for office will present himself to the proprietor of a museum he will be made the greatest attraction of the show.

* * *

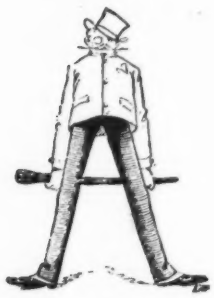
WHEN E. HALFORD got lost in Washington, on his way to the inauguration ball, he whistled that good old tune, "Ef you git thar afore I do jest say I should like to git thar too."

TO A BUCKWHEAT CAKE.

Fare thee well, thou thing of batter,
Gone are all thy charms for me.
Spring is here—that's what's the matter,
Hump thyself, skedaddle, flee! G. S. C.



MRS. CONLEY—"Saints sev me! John McGagan, but it's th' dom poor way!"



A SILK SACHET.

SILK sachet with ribbons blue,
Like to her sweet eyes' lucid hue;
It lies upon my dressing-case—
A dainty knot, in creamy lace,
With pansies painted—just a trace
Forget-me-nots and drops of dew,
A silk sachet.

I smile and eye the thing askance,
With doubtful mind and cautious glance;
I whistle slow and softly say,
Why should she send to me, I pray,
Who held her flowers thro' one brief dance,
A silk sachet?

Alas! sweet maid, I must confess
I welcome all this loveliness;
But oh! a Brooklyn girl I sing,
Who wears a brand-new wedding-ring
(I'll lie about the plagued thing,
And say it came from Cousin Bess),
This silk sachet!

KITTY K.

HUM OF THE COURT.

TO FOREIGN MINISTERS—Come home and all shall be forgiven.

MRS. BOOTH of the salvation army, judging from her picture in the papers, is as boothiful as she is good.

HUGH McCULLOUGH and Hannibal Hamlin never wore an overcoat; but it is better to live comfortably and die young and happy.

SOMEBODY mentions Russell B. Harrison as the heir-apparent. R. B. paddles his own canoe, and is heir-apparent to nothing but the results of his own efforts.

A PICTURE in a daily newspaper resulted in the discovery of a long-lost husband. The wife has recovered him, but she is so grieved that she has lost her mind.

MR. ENDICOTT of Massachusetts will now resume his mug-wumping. Mr. Endicott will be recalled as the gentleman whose daughter married Joseph Chamberlain.

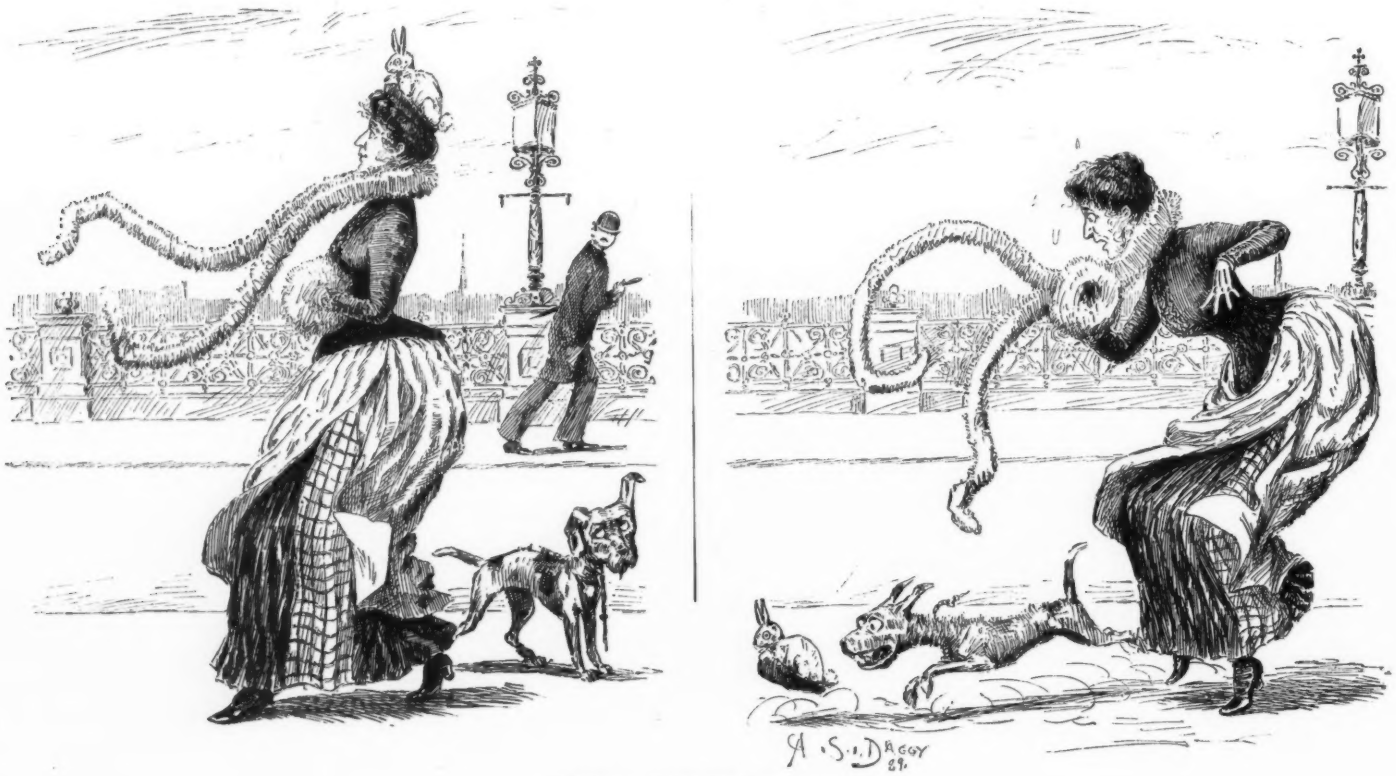
IT IS REASONABLE to suppose that Bill Nye really slept comfortably in an elevator in Washington during the inauguration, because if he had his legs and boots with him there was no chance for anybody else to get in.

A WOMAN at Covington acknowledges that during ten years, during the silent watches of the various nights, she robbed her husband's pantaloons of about $900. She is now dead, and justly so. It is a poor rule that doesn't work both ways, and if a man ever succeeded in finding his wife's pocket he did it solely by accident.

NORTH DAKOTA was admitted as a state, and the very next day her capital was afflicted with scarlet fever. This is the first of the tricolor; the white and blue will follow presently.

OFF ON HIS SPELLING.

MR. STROPS—"Whad's d' reason we cain't kim in?"
MR. COHEN—"Ve don'd allow no colored peoples in der hall; dot's der reason."
MR. STROPS—"Whadjer wanter advytise a coon ball fer, den? C-o-h-e-n—'coon,' spells 'coon,' an' I gits in, else I flops razzers!"



WHAT WOMEN WEAR.

"The fashion of using small animals for hat decoration will prevail this spring."—*Fashion reporter.*

1.—Avarice. 2.—The chase.

HER FIRST CORN-CAKES.

Mrs. Youngwife—"I would like some corn-meal, Mr. Scales."

Grocer—"All right, ma'am. White or yellow?"

Mrs. Youngwife—"White, please. I am going to make some cakes, and of course want them to be as light as possible."

RONDEAU.

In happy hours, now flown and dead,
Upon my breast your golden head
You laid, and turned cerulean eyes,
With childlike faith or glad surprise,
On mine that to your face were wed;
And many tender things those red,
Sweet lips of yours demurely said,
In questions arch and soft replies,
In happy hours.

To-night we coldly met. I read
No sorrow in those eyes that shed
Their old light on me; but more wise
They seemed. I wonder if time flies
With you as once with us it fled,
In happy hours.

ALBERT ROLAND HAVEN.

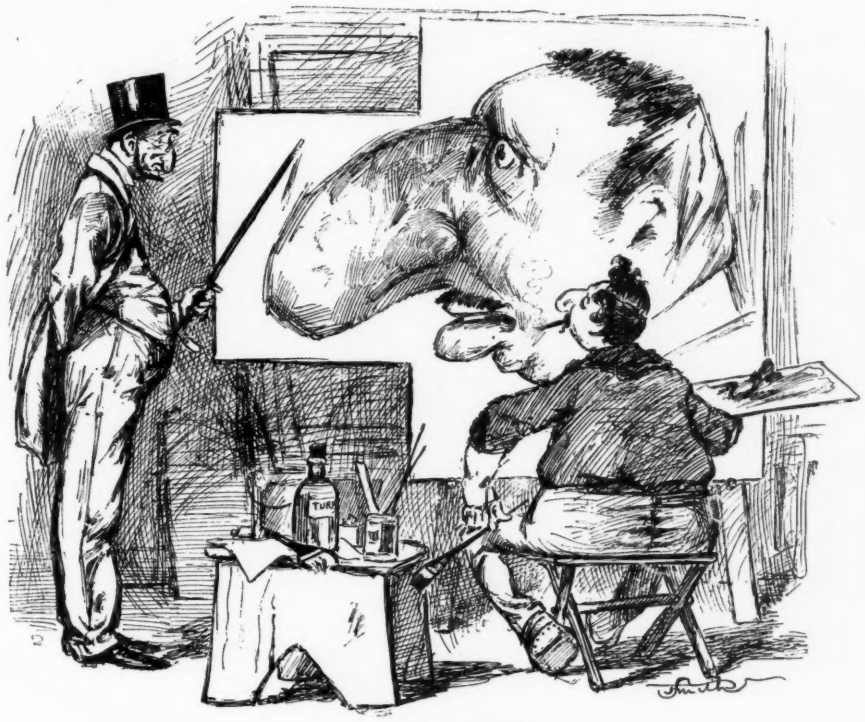
SIGNS.

In Jersey City, on Central avenue—"F. Stiff, Undertaker." On a street in Syracuse—"R. Graves, Tombstones."

NORTH WOODS LIVIN'.

UP whar the mountains split the flyin' clouds in two,
An' the pine woods is towerin' with the streams a-flashin' through,
An' the strong, bracin' odor o' the hemlocks comes ter me,
It's thar I'm a-longin' an' a-hungerin' ter be!
Whar the hemlock camp is built on the side o' the hill,
An' the log-fire is roarin' like the grindin' o' the mill,
Thar we spread spruce branches fer a soft an' scented bed,
While the strong wind is shoutin' in the pines overhead.
Min comes along the stream with his sharp eyes out
An' a quick light hand fer the flashin', shinin' trout;
Then Doc comes through the woods with his gun on his arm,
An' the robins an' the partridges is like ter come ter harm!
Then when they git ter camp, an' dinner-time is near,
Thar's a sizzlin' an' a fryin' it would melt yer heart ter hear.
Doc turns the juicy birds a-brownin' in the fire,
An' makes steamin' coffee ye could drink an' never tire;
Min sends the flapjacks up a-whirlin' ter the sky,
A-swearin' an' a-cussin' tell he gits 'em on the fly.
The fresh trout is sizzlin' tell ye'll eat 'em tails an' all;
An' then ye set an' stuff yerself ontell yer like ter fall.
Thar's Moose river flyin' down the rapids white with foam,
An' the air—wal, thar's nothin' ter compare with it ter home.
The smell o' the wood-fire—thar's nothin' half so good;
An' the darndest biggest appetite ye ever set ter food!
Ye may talk o' Delmonico's—it's fine, I'll agree,
But North Woods livin' is good enough fer me!

FLORENCE E. PRATT.



AN ART ANNEX.

SOGBAUN—"Ain'd dot a peeculiar shape ohf canvas, Rosy?"
ROSENBERG—"Youst a leedle. You see, I vos paindin' der bordraid ohf Silberstein der glothier for a banner, unt he insisds on hefin' a brofile."

SATIETY AT A STAMFORD POKER PARTY.

MR. JAMES—"Whad's d' mattah wiv Howells?"
MR. FRENCH—"Yo' see, Mistah James, we's usin' clams fer chips, an' Mistah Howells's done eat up he's hull stack."

LENTEN OBSERVATIONS.

AN EASTER HINT.

Sweet girls, don't call your Easter bonnet
"A perfect *duck* of a thing"
If perchance you've placed upon it
A fine old rooster's wing.

It is no great self-denial to give up skating when there is no ice.

Do not go to the theatre unless you have received complimentary tickets.

Never devote more than six days of the week to preparing your Easter costume.

When asked a conundrum in Lent deny yourself the answer and always "give it up."

You need not deny yourself the pleasure of giving a dollar to every beggar who accosts you.

Lent is a good season for courtship. You can deny yourself a great deal in the way of gas, etc.

Always eat one fried fish on Fry-day, but there is no necessity to eat more than one on Tuesday.

A dress of nun's veiling and an expression of humility go well together and enhance your beauty.

Impress upon your most regular caller that you eat only candy on Sunday. He will then bring you a box every Saturday evening.

Avoid all jokes about "forty days of the year being lent." This is a regular chestnut, and even the people of Chicago refuse to laugh at it.

If you go to church in the evening it is no sin to tell your sweetheart, so that he may accompany. Good is often accomplished in this way, as he might not go without you.

THE ROSE-JAR.

IN a boudoir sweet and dainty,
On a table soft with plush,
Where no sound of labor troubles
The serene, luxurious hush,
Stands a rose-jar whose pot-pourri
Holds a fragrance faint and fine,
For 'tis filled with love's own roses—
Once those roses had been mine!

Or I thought so when she told me,
With a soft, bewitching air,
Of the gold and ruby letters
Making the old silver fair;
And was surer still when, murmuring,
"Some of yours are there to keep,"
She with blushes glanced divinely,
With a meaning shy but deep.

But to-day I heard a secret
From a girl-friend, straight as straight—
She puts *all* her dewy rose-leaves
Where mine own have met their fate;
And she boasted but last evening,
In the jar she now had saved
Leaves of seventeen fellows' tributes
Who had pined and sighed and raved—
Mine among them! "When his birthday
Comes, you know," she said, "I mean
Tom shall have it, for he never
Gave me one—he's not so green."

C. L. D.

FORGOT WHERE HE WAS.

A New York state minister supplied a pulpit in a Canadian town recently. He was somewhat absent-minded, and often did the most erratic things.

When the collection plates were brought to the front without a penny on them he looked wonderingly at one of the wardens.

"Ah!" said the latter, "if you only hadn't announced that no Canadian money would be taken we'd have had a big collection this morning."

METROPOLITAN PRIDE.

Farmer Oatcake—"Ain't you ashamed o' yourself to be goin' 'round beggin' this way? You're better dressed than half the men up to my town."

City tramp—"Mebbe, boss; but den yer know a gent's got ter be more careful of his looks when he lives in der city."

A PROPOSITION.

JACK THE FERRET—"Say, pard, don't yer think it would be more kinder 'propriate like if wese swapped purps?"

A DREADFUL SHOCK.

Baboony—"Aw—stop a minute, please, Tom. I feel faint."

Wiggins—"I told you, Algy, that sooner or later those cigarettes"—

Baboony—"It isn't the cigawettes, old boy, but (feebly) there goes a woman in wubber boots!"

ICICLES.

A bright thaw-t of the sun will melt the thickest ice.

In Greenland two feet of ice is not regarded as much of a feat.

WITHIN ONE OF DETECTION.

MR. FAWKES (*at the cake-walk*)—"Hit's bery s'prizin', but dey mus' be one 'r dem ventriloquizzers in dis yer hall. I keeps hearin' a bird a-singin'."

MISS MOSSLEY (*on her arrival home*)—"'Twarn't no slow kindy time, mommer, an' I tuk d' cake; but, fo' d' Lawd, I thought dat Mistah Fawkes he'd kotched me one spell!"

MEN WE HAVE MET.

AMOR SMITH, MAYOR OF CINCINNATI, OHIO.

THAT charmingly lardy suburb of Covington, Cincinnati, Ohio, took to itself a Republican mayor in 1885 and has hung on to him like a hook to a pig's leg ever since. His name is Smith, and he comes from a line of ancestors who were too busy and had too many other things to think of to lead them to spell it "Smythe" or "Smeet" or "DeSmit." Mr. Smith, whose father was a tallow-renderer, was born in Dayton, Ohio, and moved to Cincinnati in the salon of a Miami and Erie canal-boat when a small boy. He often regrets that the old gentleman did not start in another direction, but his interests are so identified with Cincinnati that it is now too late to get away. He went to school there until he was twenty-one, and then was admitted to his father's firm, grew a mustache, and was elected member of the county executive board, and also an alderman, all at one swoop. These honors were followed in quick succession by his appointment as internal revenue collector for the southern district of Ohio, and after gathering in everything that was lying around loose he accepted the nomination for the mayoralty and was elected as easy as stripping sausage-skins. While occupying his present position as chief magistrate over a number of thousands of citizens, and a floating population of several million hogs a year, he has successively and successfully presided at the water-board councils, settled questions involving the ownership of stray shoats from the stock-yards, and acted as delegate to the Chicago convention. He went to the latter convocation as a strong Sherman man; but, noticing at the hotel that his chief let the pork chops and bacon go by and breakfasted on buckwheat cakes, he backslid and came out flatly for Harrison. Mr. Smith, as his given name might indicate when looked at from a standpoint *à la Français*, is a man of family, and has been married twice. He is very fond of referring to his twelve feet of boy on the hoof, having two sons each of whom is over six feet in height; and he also is blessed with a charming and accomplished daughter, who does much to keep him in check when the Lincoln club billiard matches get too fast and furious. Handsome in face and figure, affable in manner, and a first-class business-man, Mr. Smith has the sincere regard of his townsmen, and may be depended on never to allow a rancid ham or a defaulting spare-rib to leave his city for the east. Here's grunting at you, Mayor Smith!

AT THE VICTORIA.

Cashier (to waiter)—"What was the matter with that large, heavy gent that just left the table there? He said you insulted him."

Waiter—"I merely asked him if he wanted some soup."

NO OFFENSE INTENDED.

De Caneau—"I have to mention a very unpleasant matter, Miss Humane. I heard you called me a brute when you saw me whipping my horses the other day."

Miss Humane—"That must have been a mistake."

De Caneau—"Then you didn't say it?"

Miss Humane—"No, indeed. I think too much of the brute creation to do it such an injustice."

WORDS AT A HARVARD ASSEMBLY.

MR. D. DUNN (*of Fort Plain*)—"I beg of you to say 'yes,' May. If Atchison goes up I shall be worth a cool hundred thousand."

MISS BEACON—"You'll pardon me for being discouraging, but from papa's florid comment I'm afraid it *has* gone up entirely."

HE FOUND OUT.

MAN-WITH-BAD-COUGH—"Me find heap good peek-hole. Soon tell if white man in cabin. Waugh!"

THE DIFFERENCE.

HOW many days I listen patiently
As from thy grand piano thou dost wring
Those o'er-familiar tunes which e'er unstring
My tender nerves; is there no melody
Beyond those worn-out airs—no harmony
To which at times my tortured soul may cling?
Are there not more enchanting strains to sing
Than those which thou for weeks hast sung to me?
The notes of Orpheus in tunes of old
Had pow'r th' inanimate from death to take,
Or rouse th' unconscious from their slumbers deep;
But thou, Annette, art of a different mold:
When thou beginnest I am wide awake,
And when thou endest I am fast asleep!

NATHAN M. LEVY.

"WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK."

Levi Grab (of Baxter street)—"Mein frendt, I haf de most elegant assordment of ofercoats in der city. Coom right in!"

The stranger—"What are yer givin' us, cully? I keeps der misfit clothin' parlors on Secondand street meself!"

FOREIGN TRAM

"We have happily maintained a policy of avoiding all interference with European affairs. We have a just right to expect that our European policy will be the American policy of European courts. restrains us from seeking they may be reasonably expected willingly to forego. We shall neither fail to respect the flag of any friendl

FOREIGN POWERS—"By Jingo!

SACKETT & WILHELMS LITHO CO. N.Y.

TRAMPS WARNED OFF!

opean courts. We have a clear right to expect that no European Government will seek to establish colonial dependencies upon the territory of Independent American States. That which a sense of Justice of any friendly nation or the just rights of its citizens, nor to exact the like treatment for our own." PRESIDENT HARRISON'S INAUGURATION ADDRESS.

By Jingo! another Party has the Place!"

AN ACCIDENT AT THE FEAST.

COUNT VON HEMMENHEIMER (*at the legation dinner*)—"Oxcuse me, chendlemen; mein fingers der pone shlibbed ohf!"

WHERE THEY SURPASS US.

Madame Bovine—"Now confess, professor, that your American misses are not equal to our English girls in point of—of"—

Professor (supplying)—"Weight. Yes'm, in point of weight. Also in point of muscle. If there is anything for which the English girl is remarkable, it is her muscle."

But he spoke to thin air.

AT THE DIME MUSEUM.

"No dogs allowed in here!" said the door-keeper to the man with a bull-terrier. "We've got a livin' skeleton at this musee, an' der public safety demands dat purps shouldn't recognize a bone in dat shape!"

SUSPENDED ANIMATION.

MISS WENNINGER—"I'm sure it's a dummy."

MISS HINDEKAPER—"If it is, it's an awfully life-like one."

MR. DE TONGEY—"Ker-whish-ew! I beg pardon, ladies, but I was just getting ready to sneeze as you came along."

ON TIME.

THE joyous robin trills its matin song,
A brighter tint doth deck each bush and tree,
And from the winter's blank sterility
Come pretty flowers the country paths to throng.
The wayside brook moves noiselessly along,
And all the spirit feels a touch of glee,
A sense of most unwonted buoyancy,
A thrill of utmost rapture, deep and strong.
With pad in hand I'm by the river's marge,
And though the lines above are imagery,
The vernal days too soon imagining,
Yet where a thousand poets roam at large
Some satisfaction 'tis at least to be
Among the first who sing the joys of spring.

N. M. L.

THE WISDOM OF YEARS.

Young Sneerleigh—"If I's as homely as you I'd cut my throat."

Old Sharpeley—"If you'd been as homely as I as long as I you'd have brains enough to not spoil the edge of a good razor that way."

WHAT SHE ASKED FOR.

Mrs. O'Flaherty—"Have yez any tin quart pails, Misther Doogan?"

Mr. Doogan—"No, Mrs. O'Flaherty, but Oi have plinty av tin wan quart pails."

Mrs. O'Flaherty—"An' that's what Oi axed yez for, Misther Doogan."

THE CHOIR.

VIEWED BY THE CONGREGATION:

LITTLE white-robed cherubim!
Sweetly surge the tender voices
In the soul-inspiring hymn,
And the listing ear rejoices;
Softly swell the silv'ry throats,
In exalted measure blending,
And the strain divinely floats,
Pulsing clear, and high ascending.

Little white-robed cherubim!
Pure the vision, and uplifting,
And the gazing eye grows dim
As the golden sunlight, shifting
To the faces rapt and sweet—
Strangely sentient in its flitting—
Casts a halo that is meet,
Casts a glory well befitting!

AND OVERHEARD BY THE ORGANIST:

"Bet you can't guess what I got!"
"I smell pep'mint; who's got any?"
"Gracious, ain't her hair red-hot!"
"You hold on, I dropped that penny!"
"Gimme 'nother gumdrop." "Say,
See this jack-knife? Want to swap her?"
"See the dog-fight yesterday?
Bill Smith's puppy licked a whopper."

"Scrouge along, you got my seat!"
"I shan't come to your old party!"
"Now look here, git off my feet!"
"Pooh! you dassent do it, smarty."
"Say, you quit now, that ain't fair!"
"Take that nail out o' my collar!"
"Who's the feller yanked my hair?"
"Pinch me once more and I'll holler!"

EMMA A. OPPER.

A CHICAGOAN SLUR.

"WHAT in the world is the matter?" asked Miss Wiffletree as she and Mollinew walked into the drawing-room.

"Nothing but a sudden faintness, I assure you," he replied. "Isn't that Mrs. Mollinew over there in the corner?"

Miss Wiffletree glanced across the room and said, "Of course it is; but what do you care? I understand you have got a divorce."

"So I have," he gasped out; "but I got it on the ground of incompatibility of temper, and I'm afraid she'll sue me for perjury."

"On what grounds?" and the sweet girl looked astonished.

"Straight evidence," was the desperate reply. "As nobody would ever come to this house for anything but the supper, we are showing to the world that we agree with each other by both being here."

Miss Wiffletree excused herself and began a hunt for a sane escort to take her home.

THE OLD BEAU.

How cracked and poor his laughter rings,
How dulled his eye once flashing warm;
But still a courtly pathos clings
About his bent and withered form.

To-night where mirth and music dwells
His wrinkled cheeks, his locks of snow,
Gleam near the grandsons of the belles
He smiled on forty years ago.

We watch him here and half believe
Our gaze may witness, while he prates,
Death, like a footman, touch his sleeve
And tell him that the carriage waits.

—*Edgar Fawcett.*

The settlers of the prospective state of North Dakota are discussing the question of a characteristic coat-of-arms. A frozen steer, fringed with icicles, would make quite an appropriate emblem.—*Texas Siftings.*

DURING A RECENT SPELL OF WEATHER.

Tom—"Queer weather this, Bob. Is it rain or snow?"
Bob—"It wouldn't be mist if it were neither."

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

Current Literature is the best edited magazine of its kind in the world.

Philadelphian—"Is it true that the Sorosis society has gone or is going out of existence?"
New York girl—"Yes. You see, everybody knew who the charter members were, and—and—well, they thought the society had lived long enough."—*Philadelphia Record.*

We recommend the use of Angostura Bitters to our friends who suffer with dyspepsia, but only the genuine, manufactured by Dr. Siegert & Sons. At druggists.

Sohmer & Co. find it almost impossible to keep pace with the inpouring torrent of orders. The fame of the Sohmer Piano is now world-wide, and the demand for the instrument is almost universal.

Dressmakers are of necessity people of much bias.—*Merchant Traveler.*

AN OPEN QUESTION.

Is Harrison a Descendant of Pocahontas?

It is popularly believed that President Harrison is descended from Pocahontas and from the Parliamentary soldier and regicide, General Thomas Harrison, who was executed in 1660.

Pocahontas, daughter of Powhatan, manifested a friendliness for the early white settlers of Virginia when she was but a girl. The story of how she saved the life of Captain John Smith, who had been captured and condemned to death by her father—is well known to all acquainted with the early history of America. Her subsequent marriage with John Rolfe, an Englishman—her removal to England, where a son was born, from whom numerous wealthy families of Virginia claim descent—is the basis of the opinion that President Harrison is one of her descendants.

The name of Harrison is already indelibly written upon the pages of American history, for General Wm. Henry Harrison—the ninth President of the United States—was the grandfather of General Ben. Harrison.

The inauguration of another member of the Harrison family is but another proof of the disposition of the public to return to healthy administration of public affairs so characteristic of earlier years. A similar desire has been manifested for a revival of early customs in various ways, of which mention can be made of the prevailing demand for those old-time preparations which were so successfully employed in the prevention and cure of the ills which frequented the early log-cabin homes.

After much inquiry a noted manufacturer has procured the original methods used in their preparation, and again, under the name of Warner's Log Cabin Remedies, the public is possessed of those well-known preparations for the cure of coughs, colds, consumption in its early stages, blood disorders, catarrh, dyspepsia, debility and other common disorders.

Nothwithstanding the large amount of attention which the manufacture of Warner's Safe Cure demands—its well-known reputation as the only remedy for the prevention and cure of kidney diseases being world-wide—the manufacturer is resolved to push the merit of Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla to the front because of its splendid blood-purifying properties and great value as a household remedy.

THE CHEQUE BANK, Limited.

Established in London, 1873.

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NEW YORK OFFICE: **UNITED BANK BUILDING, COR. OF WALL ST. AND BROADWAY.**

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THE CHEQUE BANK has been established in London for seventeen years, and offers Travelers and the public generally who hold Cheque Bank Cheques unquestionable Security, for the following reasons, namely:

The Capital of the Bank is invested in Government Securities, in addition to which the Bank has a Special Guarantee Fund (of 50 per cent. of the Capital) invested in British Government Annuities, Bank of England Stock, and City of London Metropolitan Consolidated Stock.

The Bank does not discount Notes or Bills, but loans its Deposits on the Security of Government Stocks, Bonds, and Securities.

The Cheque Bank Cheques are therefore absolutely EQUAL TO CASH, as Bank of England notes are.

The Bank issues Cheques from ONE POUND upwards, singly or in amounts as required, put up in Books; every Cheque has its value printed and perforated on it, for the use of Travelers, available in every Town in England, Ireland, and Scotland; in every town of importance in Europe.

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The Cheque Bank Cheques are accepted as Cash by the British Government, by Steamship and Railway Companies, by the principal Hotels, and by nearly all the principal Shops in London.

VISITORS TO THE PARIS EXHIBITION can Cash the Cheque Bank Cheques at upwards of fifty places in Paris.

Parties sending money to their friends or relations to any part of Europe should purchase Cheque Bank Cheques, which can be cashed on presentation everywhere.

Travelers and others holding Cheque Bank Cheques can have their mail matter addressed to them, care of the Cheque Bank, London, who will take charge of the same and forward to any address.

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Some of the New York papers made an attempt to publish a list of the New Yorkers who were at Washington during the inaugural. Those left in charge of the Indianapolis papers saved typesetting by noticing those who remained at home.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The pronunciation of some fashionable Anglomaniac clergymen is getting to be very much like that of the English clergyman who, in reading the passage, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear," gives it, "He that hath yahs to yah, let him yah."—*New York Tribune.*

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren St., New York City, will receive the recipe free of charge.

As defined by the Chicago *Journal*, the "gentleman" who pummels his neighbor till the latter looks like a map of Gettysburg after the battle is not a mere vulgar and commonplace prize-fighter, but "a six-foot convenience for turning human nature into pulp."

Imperial Rome was once saved by the cackling of a goose. Perhaps Pigott has freed Ireland.—*Boston Herald.*

In view of the fact that Henry M. Stanley is dead it is cheering to learn that he is enjoying the best of health.—*Nebraska Journal.*

A hawk may get the rooster after breakfast, but before breakfast the rooster always takes a crow.—*Washington Critic.*

Floquet, late premier of France, was at one time in his life a journalist. But his diamonds wore out and he had to resign.—*Montana Record.*

Druggist (awakened at 2 a.m.)—"What do you wish?"
Voice (at the door)—"If you'll let me look in your directory to see how to address this letter I'll buy the postage stamp of you."—*New York Weekly.*

THE
KODAK.

PRICE $25.00.

ANYBODY can use the KODAK. The operation of making a picture consists simply of pressing a button. One Hundred instantaneous pictures are made without re-loading. No dark room or chemicals necessary. A division of labor is offered, whereby all the work of finishing the pictures is done at the factory, where the camera can be sent to be re-loaded. The operator need not learn anything about photography. He can "*press the button*"—*we do the rest.*

Send for copy of KODAK Primer, with sample photograph.

THE EASTMAN DRY PLATE AND FILM CO.,
Rochester, N. Y.

PAINLESS **BEECHAM'S PILLS** EFFECTUAL
THE GREAT ENGLISH MEDICINE
WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

For Bilious and Nervous Disorders, such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Fulness and Swelling after Meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Scurvy, Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, Etc. THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES. This is no fiction. Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one Box of these Pills, and they will be acknowledged to be a **Wonderful Medicine—"Worth a Guinea a Box."**

BEECHAM'S PILLS, taken as directed, will quickly **restore females** to complete health. For a

Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Disordered Liver,

they **ACT LIKE MAGIC:**—*a few doses* will work wonders upon the Vital **Organs; Strengthening** the muscular **System;** restoring long-lost **Complexion;** bringing back the **keen edge of appetite,** and arousing with the **ROSE-BUD OF HEALTH** the *whole physical energy* of the human frame. These are "facts" admitted by thousands, in all classes of society; and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that **BEECHAM'S PILLS HAVE THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY PATENT MEDICINE IN THE WORLD.** Full directions with each Box.

Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England.

Sold by Druggists generally. B. F. ALLEN & CO., 365 and 367 Canal Street, New York, Sole Agents for the United States, *who,* **IF YOUR DRUGGIST DOES NOT KEEP THEM, WILL MAIL BEECHAM'S PILLS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 25 CENTS A BOX.** *But inquire first of your druggist.* Mention JUDGE.

"What the deuce does Mrs. ——— wear so many puffs and things for?" asked a lady at the Von Schroeder ball last week. "Why," was the reply, "she has indulged so much in fashionable dissipation that she has the delirium trimmings."—*San Francisco News-Letter.*

Books published 300 years ago sell for from $25 to $500 a volume. Many modern authors, whose unsalable editions are reposing on booksellers' shelves, must regret that they didn't have their works printed in the fifteenth century. But we don't suppose they thought of that.—*Norristown Herald.*

EXTRAORDINARY LICENSE.

"It seems to me," remarked one of our citizens, the other day, "that physicians are allowed extraordinary license in the manner in which they juggle with the welfare of their patients.

"Now here is Dr. ——, who was attending Mr. —— up to the time of his death, and if he treated him for one thing he treated him for a dozen different disorders. First the doctor said pneumonia was the trouble; then it was consumption. Then the patient was dosed for heart trouble, and so on until just before he died it was ascertained that disease of the kidneys was the real trouble, and that which had been at first treated as pneumonia, consumption, heart disease, etc., were but the symptoms of kidney disease.

"But then it was too late.

"This is only one case in a hundred, and I am beginning to lose faith in the doctors altogether. In fact, I haven't had any need for their services since I began to keep Warner's Safe Cure in my house, a little over three years ago. Whenever I feel a little out of sorts I take a few doses of it, confident that the source of all disease is in the kidneys, which I know Warner's Safe Cure will keep in good order, and will eradicate any disease that may be lurking there. Had Mr. —— followed a similar course, I have no doubt that he would be alive to-day; but of course all people don't think alike.

"One thing is certain, however, and that is, the doctors are allowed a little too much freedom in the way they have of pretending to know that which they really know nothing about. If they don't know what is the real trouble with the patient, they should admit it, and not go on and experiment at the cost of the patient's life."

May I take you to the ball?
No, 'tis Lent.
May I take you, then, to call?
No, 'tis Lent.
May I take you to the tea?
Pray, maiden, go with me.
But she merely answered,
No, my boy; 'tis Lent.
May I take you to the play?
No, 'tis Lent.
May I walk with you to-day?
No, 'tis Lent.
May I take your heart away?
Pray, maiden, say not nay.
But she merely answered,
No, my boy; 'tis Lent.
—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

TOOK ALL HIS PAINS AWAY.

A. M. Chisholm, of No. 2724 Stoddard Street, St. Louis, Mo., writes:

"During my long residence in Canada I suffered for years from severe pains in my back, across the region of the kidneys, and by the constant use of ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS invariably obtained great relief. Upon removing to St. Louis, I was again troubled with the same complaint, and was advised to use Magnetic and other kinds of plasters, without being relieved of pain, so fell back to my old friend ALLCOCK, who gives me more relief than any other I have ever tried. I always recommend them to my friends and all who suffer from pains and aches of any kind."

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for **ALLCOCK'S,** and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

THE MIDNIGHT CRY.

The young man stood at the parlor door,
And a nice young man was he.
Her father was up on the second floor,
And *he* weighed 203.

The house was filled with a solemn hush;
And the young man's heart with bliss
O'erflowed as the maid, with a modest blush,
Vouchsafed him a good-night kiss.

Then heavily down from the second floor
Came pa's sarcastic voice,
And the cold sweat poured through every pore
Of his dearest daughter's choice.

For the old man said, "You tell that dude
To put on his hat and flee,
For when I'm excited I'm sometimes rude,
And I weigh 203."

The young man waited to hear no more;
He picked up his cane and fled;
And the father remained on the second floor,
And his daughter went to bed.
—*Somerville Journal.*

"Historic and Picturesque Savannah," written by Adelaide Wilson and illustrated by Georgia Weymouth, is a handsomely bound and printed volume from the press of the Boston photogravure company. The history involved is very complete and necessarily interesting, and a *fac-simile* of the will of James Oglethorpe is not the least of the suggestive documents introduced. A glance at the title would indicate that the book is of merely local interest; but it will prove of value to every student of American history, and similar volumes for other places and states would give the larger historian more excellent material for a general work than might be had, without extraordinary research, in any other way.

Two or three weeks since we denounced Col. Hallimell as a claim-jumper, mule-stealer and wife-deserter, and added a few words to the effect that he would look well at the end of a rope. Saturday evening, as we were talking with the cashier of the First national bank, the colonel approached us and warned us to prepare for death. Greatly to our own amazement and to the intense surprise of the whole street, we didn't run. On the contrary, we sailed into the colonel like a brick house falling on a sand-fly, and we had him licked inside of five minutes. We can't account for these freaks in our nature. Sometimes we fight like a tornado and again we run like a jack-rabbit. People intending to lay for us must take their chances.—*Arizona Kicker in Detroit Free Press.*

Now that "Robert Elsmere" has been dramatized there is no reason why "stage adaptations" should not be made of De Witt Talmage's sermons and the patent-office reports. These are no more barren of dramatic incident and interest than the book.—*Troy Times.*

A woman has been fined at Hannibal, Mo., for wearing pants. If she will go to Washington and assume the title "Dr." her trousers will cause her no trouble.—*Evening Wisconsin.*

A WORK FOR HEBREWS.

"Jew and Gentile," a commentary on the "Original Mr. Jacobs" and the "American Jew," is the name of a neatly printed pamphlet of 30 octavo pages, by Johanna von Bohne, published by the Judge publishing company of New York.

To the best of our knowledge this lady is the first that did not consider it below her dignity to notice these books and their authors. Being of the Protestant persuasion, the authoress says, and having had a life-long social intercourse with numerous Hebrew families, she expresses in the pamphlet her indignation at the injustice done the Hebrew race by the authors of those books, whom she considers—as we have expressed already—to be renegade Jews and infidel anarchists, in finances broken, in habits loathsome, in feelings degraded. The rebuke which she administered to these low-down literary pirates is lady-like, sensible, indignant and piercing, though not very strong; but that is, perhaps, so much the better—it will prove acceptable to people of refined tastes. We feel under obligations to the literary lady, and think it would be proper to spread the pamphlet broadcast over the land.—*The American Israelite, Cincinnati.*

"Napoleon Smith" is a very cleverly told tale to which considerable interest attaches. It contains many very fine expressions, and the diction is generally graceful.—*Chicago Young Ladies' Bazar.*

A Milwaukee brewery horse drinks a gallon of beer per day. Next thing we'll hear that the animal has joined a labor union and struck for eight hours a day.—*Norristown Herald.*

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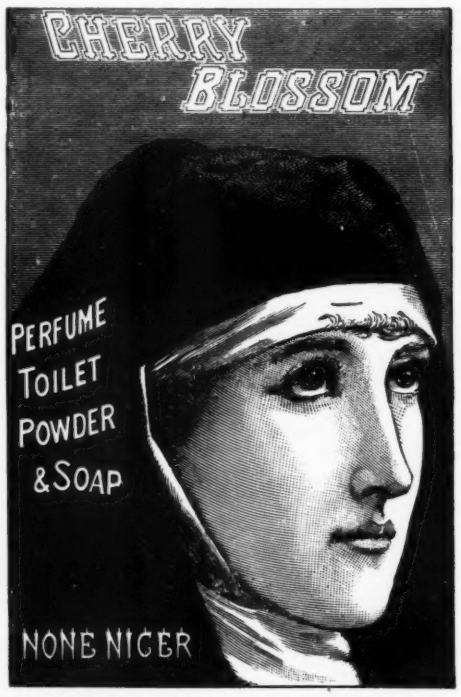

In the High Court of Justice.—Gosnell v. Durrant.—On Jan. 28, 1887, Mr Justice Chitty granted a Perpetual Injunction with costs restraining Mr. George Reynolds Durrant from infringing Messrs. John Gosnell & Co.'s Registered Trade Mark CHERRY BLOSSOM.

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Finest and Cheapest Meat Flavoring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes and Sauces. As Beef Tea, "an invaluable tonic." Annual sale 8,000,000 jars.

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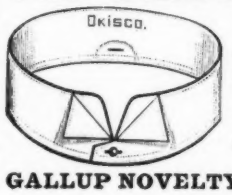

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Its Popularity Assured.
Ask your Dealer for it.

Originated and made exclusively by the

GALLUP NOVELTY WORKS, Troy, N.Y.

What Scott's Emulsion Has Done!

Over 25 Pounds Gain in Ten Weeks. Experience of a Prominent Citizen.

THE CALIFORNIA SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF VICE, SAN FRANCISCO, July 7, 1886.

I took a severe cold upon my chest and lungs and did not give it proper attention; it developed into bronchitis, and in the fall of the same year I was threatened with consumption. Physicians ordered me to a more congenial climate, and I came to San Francisco. Soon after my arrival I commenced taking Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites regularly three times a day. In ten weeks my avoirdupois went from 155 to 180 pounds and over: the cough meantime ceased. C. R. BENNETT.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Walter M. Lowney's

1 and 2-pound Packages by MAIL **Chocolates** Best in the World.

in Elegant Metal Boxes and

$1.00 per Pound. Larger Packages by Express. **Bon-Bons.**

Retail Branch, 45 West St., Boston

THE ULSTER HORSE-TAIL TIE,

For Muddy Roads.

The latest, the best. It consists of a handsome nickel-plated button attached to a rubber band.

Sells at Sight.

Sample by mail, **25 cents.** Large discount to Agents.

Address O. H. HASBROUCK, JR., Modena, Ulster Co., N. Y.

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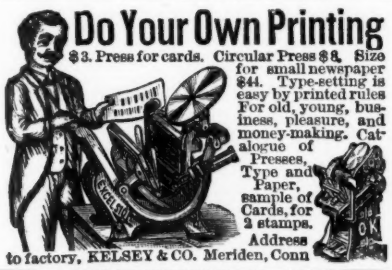

$3. Press for cards. Circular Press $8. Size for small newspaper $44. Type-setting is easy by printed rules For old, young, business, pleasure, and money-making. Catalogue of Presses, Type and Paper, sample of Cards, for 2 stamps. Address to factory, KELSEY & CO. Meriden, Conn

GOOD FOR WEAK LUNGS.

Monte Cristo Whisky. The best produced. 75 cents and $1 per bottle. Sent in cases of six and twelve bottles.

CHILDS & CO., Proprietors,
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LOCAL MANAGER WANTED. To take charge of office outside of large cities. **Permanent position** worth **$1000** a year. No canvassing or peddling. Apply by letter to **J. STEPHENS, Gen. Mang'r, 227 Main St., Cincinnati, O**

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HUDSON RIVER.

POPULAR ROUTE

FOR BUSINESS AND PLEASURE TRAVEL.

Magnificent Sleeping Cars Without Change.

New York and Boston to Buffalo, Toronto, Detroit, Toledo, Chicago and St. Louis.

Sleeping Cars New York to Toronto Exclusively by this Route

Tickets via West Shore on sale at all ticket offices in the United States and Canada.

Ask for tickets via West Shore and see that they read via this route.

BABY McKEE'S TEETH.

Oh, how are they coming now, Baby McKee,
Baby McKee, with your smooth red gums?
There'll be joy in your Hoosier home, Baby McKee,
High jinks galore, when your first tooth comes.

A big man your pa will be, Baby McKee,
Baby McKee with your white fuzzy head,
And the country will hear of it, Baby McKee,
In the morning before it gets up out of bed.

Half-hourly bulletins, Baby McKee,
Baby McKee, with your high-shrilling squeal,
Will be put in the window for people to see,
And every fond mother'll know just how you feel.

Five hundred fingers will feel of that tooth,
Pry open that mouth of yours, Baby McKee,
And statesmen declare, with the accent of Booth,
You're the handsomest young one they ever did see.

You'll have bushels of teething-rings, Baby McKee,
Baby McKee, when you "holler" all night—
And that great man, your daddy, will tramp up and down,
And sing "hushaby" till the gray morning light.

You'll be bigger than any one, Baby McKee,
Baby McKee, how lucky your birth!
Than your son-in-law father, or e'en Russell B.,
Or even Lige Halford, the boss of the earth.

—*Chicago Evening News.*

Warner's Log Cabin Remedies—old-fashioned, simple compounds, used in the days of our hardy forefathers, are "old timers," but "old reliable." They comprise a

WARNER'S LOG CABIN SARSAPARILLA,

"Hops and Buchu Remedy," "Cough and Consumption Remedy," "Hair Tonic," "Extract," for External and Internal Use, "Plasters," "Rose Cream," for Catarrh, and "Liver Pills." They are put up by H. H. Warner & Co., proprietors of Warner's Safe Remedies, and promise to equal the standard value of those great preparations. All druggists keep them.

CARL PRETZEL'S PHILOSOPHY.

Firtue vas a diamond, und vice vas a common efery-day shtone.

Dot's besser you keep your temper. Don'd efen let a feller know dot you got one.

Der odds vas sefen to one in favor of der efery-day Christian against der Sunday feller.

Yoost oil your choints mit plaindy oxercise und you would been a great succeed for shpryness.

In der grafe one feller vas yoost so goot as his nabor. In dot blaces, dhere vas no distinctiff cast.

It vas pooty goot to tink vell of a cause dot vas goot by its wonself, und beneficialness to mankindt.

Religious brinciples vill make more bairs of Siamese dwins in a day as nadure cood done in a life-times.

Der girl dot vill shwing on a profli-gate, I got me no use for dot girl, efen if her fodder own a prewery.

Any feller cood found a blemish on some odder feller's rebutation, but I vood dook a trink mit a feller dot cood saw a shpot on his own gharackder.

Shenuine firtue don'd got any impediments in its langwages. It don'd got a hair lips. It shpokes to efery heart, und dot heart always knows vat it says.

It vas sociedy dot reaps der froot of der firtues of all der fellers dot belong to it, und as dhey vas goot alltogeder, der whole of dot vas flourish yoost like a bay-rum tree.—*National Weekly.*

A NEGRO'S MUSING.

De good Lawd 's smiled t'rough de whole winter long;
De sun has been a-laughin', an' de moon has wept a light
Like tears o' silver brightness, like er angel's silent song
Dat turns de dark ter whiteness, dat makes er noon o' night.

De catbird is singin' like she wants ter build her nest,
An' de sparrer-hawk's a-screamin' ez she sails up in de a'r;
An' de black gnats er swarmin'—oh, what er awful pest!
An' de woodpecker's hoppin' on de thawin' green br'ar.

De field-mouse is peepin' frum his hole up in de stack,
An' de ole rusty lizzard is er lyin' in de sun;
De snappin'-turtle's div fur ter git hisse'f er snack,
An' de yallerhammer's hoppin' like his life is full o' fun.

De cotton-stock is ragged, an' de runnin' brier's dead,
But de spring is er comin' wid its perfume breath,
Fur de lark's gunter brighten all de feathers on his head—
De spring is cuttin' capers whar ole winter's laid in death.

—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

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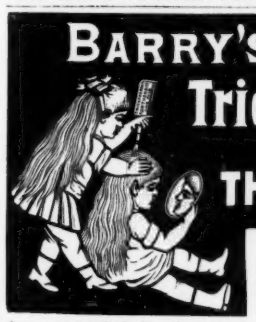

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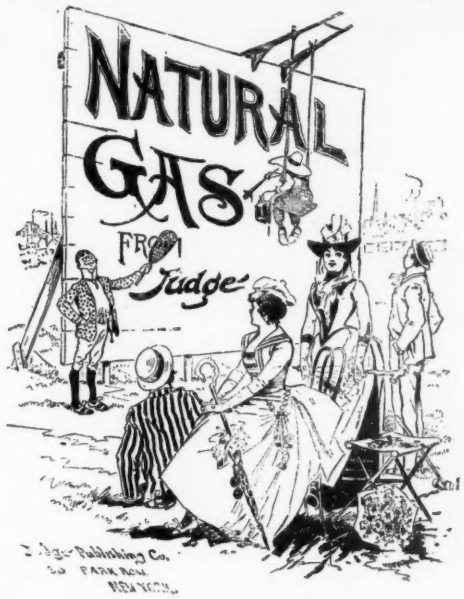

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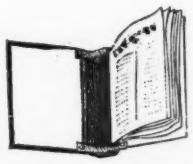

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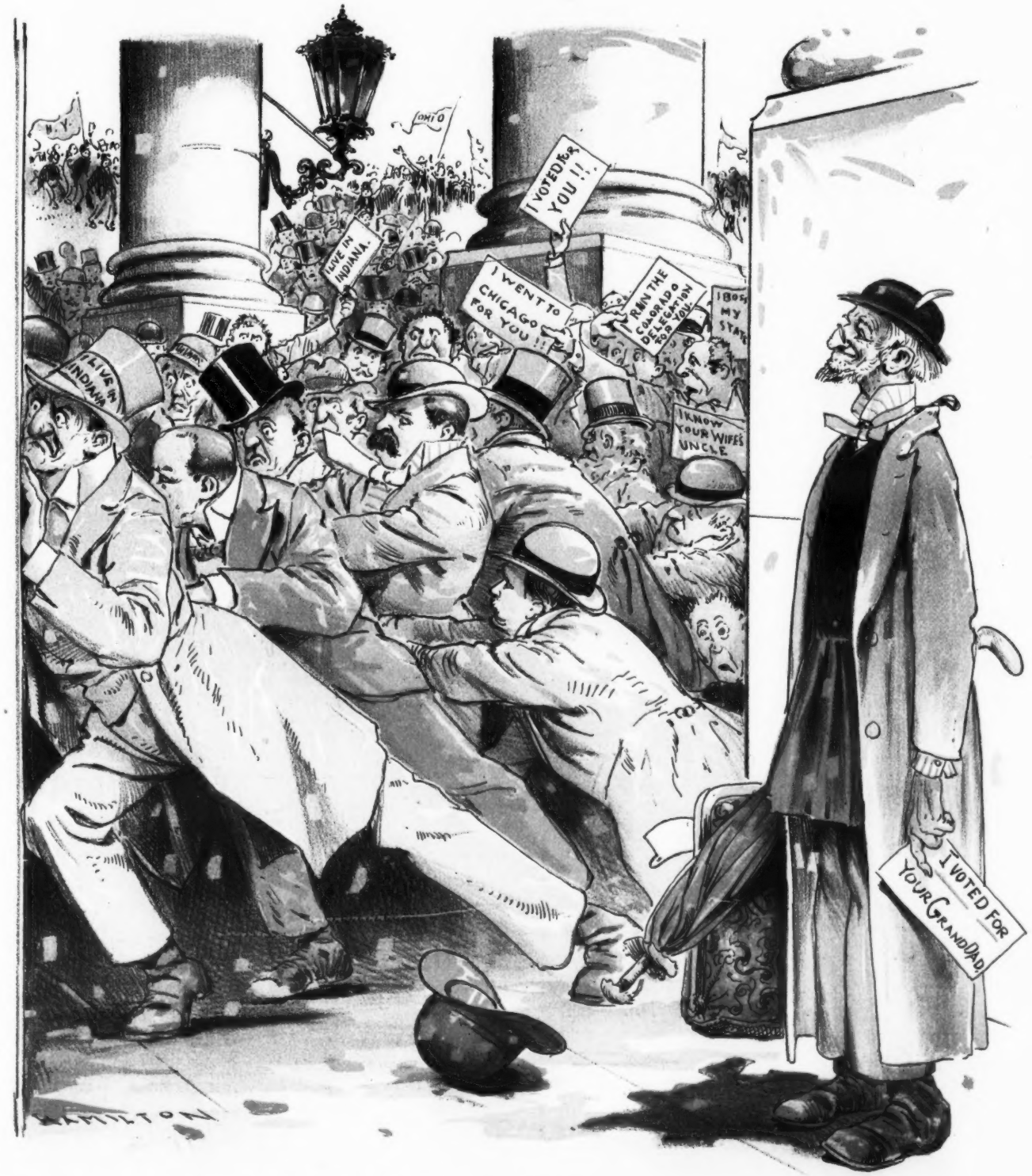

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